BIG LAUGHS WITH BASIL BRUSH — INSIDE!

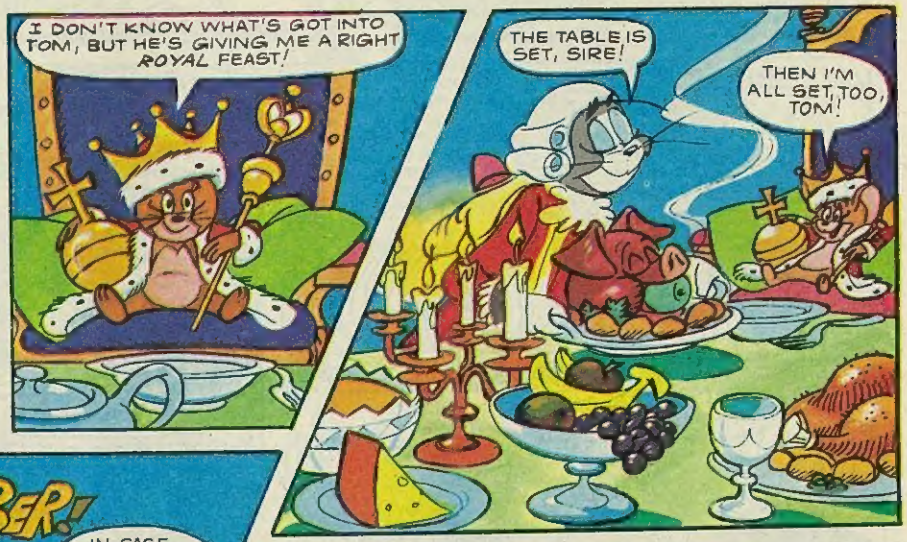
TV COMIC plus TOM & JERRY Weekly

7p

A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

Every Monday | Week ending August 31st, 1974 | Number 1185

TOM and JERRY



AND...
SLURP! MUNCH SLOBBER!
IN CASE YOU'RE WONDERING WHAT I'M UP TO, READERS...
SOON...
...JERRY'S NOT THE ONLY ONE WHOSE GONNA GET A KING-SIZED MEAL!
BURBLE! GRUNT!

BY FATTENING UP THAT RODENT HE'LL MAKE AN ENOR-MOUSE-LY BIG BITE FOR THE LIKES OF ME! CHUCKLE!
EHHH?
I JUST C...CAN'T STOMACH BONY MICE! SLURP!
PUFF... THAT TATTY TOM...GASP! IS...TOO FAST FOR ME!

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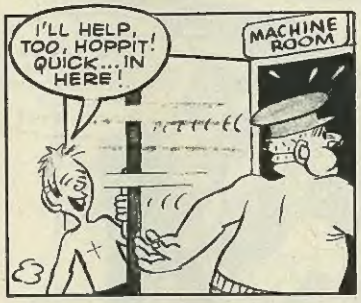
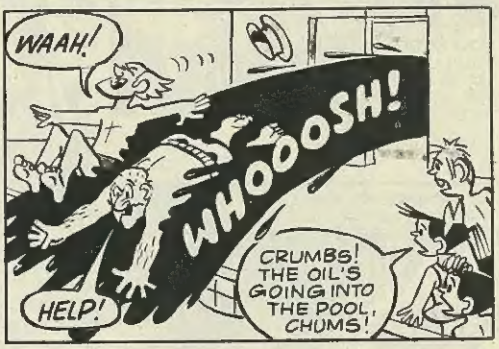
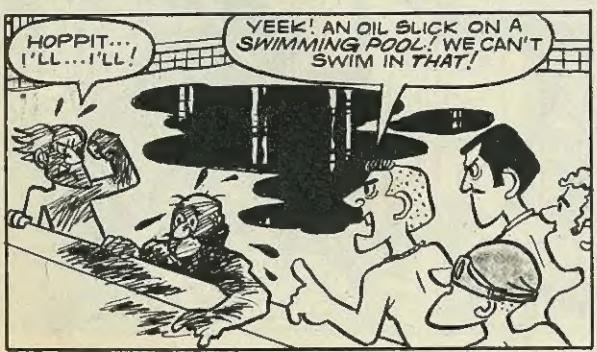
AND...
SEEIN' AS I'M A CAGEY CAT, THAT'LL KEEP YOU SAFE WHILE I FETCH MY FAVOURITE SAUCE!
G...GULP! HE'S SURE GONNA MAKE A MEAL OUT OF ME, ALL RIGHT!
HEH! HEH! GUESS YOU CAN'T EVEN MAKE A RUN FOR IT NOW, EH, RODENT?
HUH? IF TOM THINKS I'LL BE BONE IDLE, I... THAT TATTY TOM'S GIVEN ME AN IDEA...
SO...
I SURE HOPE I'M NOT JUST GOING ROUND IN CIRCLES... PUFF... WITH THIS PLAN!
MINUTES LATER...
I'M READY TO BEGIN, RODENT! SLURP!
YOU'VE THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING, TOM...
...BAR-RING MY ESCAPE! AND YOU'VE ONLY A SLIM CHANCE OF CATCHING ME AGAIN!
HHHHHH? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, JERRY!
...AC-SCEPTRE BASHING WITH MY COMPLIMENTS!
THUMP-BASH
YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO'S...
...ON THE BALL! THIS'LL SEND YOU RIGHT INTO...
YOW!
ORB-IT!
CRUNCH
NNNNNGH!
CRASH
JUST TO...ER... CROWN IT ALL, IT LOOKS LIKE TOM'S LOST HIS APPETITE! SNIGGER!
TWEET-TWEET

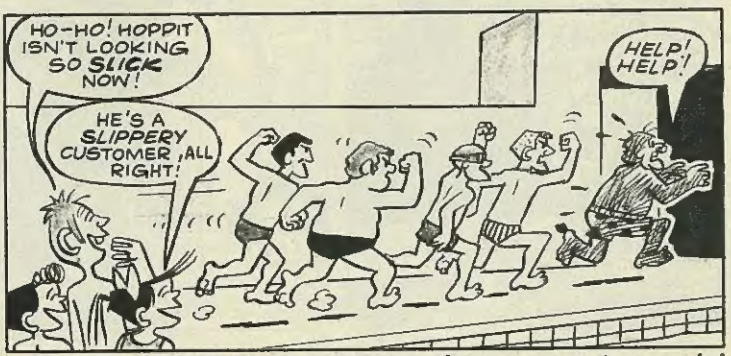
It's cats versus rats with our friends soon!

TV Terrors









Hoppit 'hares' around in a paper-chase next week!

CANNON
POP-WORLD sensation, Danny Francis has disappeared. Danny's sister, Julie, tells Cannon she thinks he's been murdered and when a car tries to run her down, the big private-eye begins to take interest — then he receives a warning . . .
YOU HEARD ME, CANNON! LAY OFF THE FRANCIS CASE AND TELL THAT DAME TO BLOW!
TELEPHONE
5 CENT
WHO WAS IT, MR CANNON? WAS IT ANYTHING TO DO WITH DANNY?
A MAN WHO HAS JUST PERSUADED ME TO TAKE YOUR CASE. AFTER I'VE SEEN YOU SAFELY TO YOUR APARTMENT, I THINK I'LL LOOK UP HENDRICKS!
MEANWHILE, POP MANAGER GEORGE HENDRICKS IS INTERVIEWING NEW TALENT...
♫...I SURE LOVE YA, SAL...♫
SOUND ON
OKAY, KID, THAT'S GREAT!
I'LL GIVE IT SOME THOUGHT, KID. YOU SAY YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, NO FAMILY OR ANYTHING?
HE'S PERFECT. THE HEIGHT, BUILD AND EVERYTHING.
I'LL GET SOMETHING DRAWN UP AND MEET YOU LATER!
YOU AIN'T NO DANNY FRANCIS, BUT I RECKON THERE'S ENOUGH TALENT TO WORK ON.
YOU MEAN YOU'LL GIVE ME A CONTRACT, MR HENDRICKS?
ON MY LONESOME THAT'S ME, MR HENDRICKS. MA AND PA BOTH DEAD!
AS HENDRICKS MAKES HIS WAY BACK TO HIS OFFICE...
SUPER STAR
THERE'S HENDRICKS NOW!
LET'S GO!
AND IN THE RECEPTION AREA...
A LADY CALLED, MR HENDRICKS, SHE SAID TO SAY IT WENT LIKE A DREAM AND THAT YOU'D KNOW WHAT SHE MEANT!
THANKS, LUCY.
NEXT MOMENT...
LISTEN, HONEY, MR HENDRICKS DON'T WANNA BE DISTURBED!
COME ON, GEORGIE, WE'RE GONNA TALK BUSINESS!

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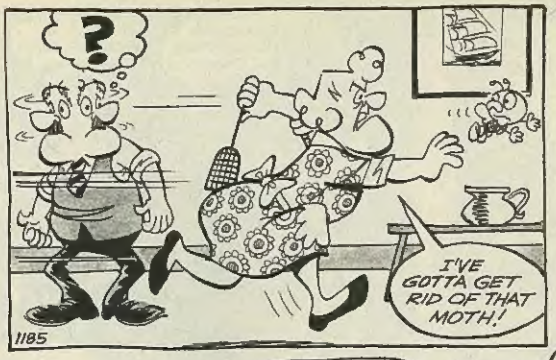
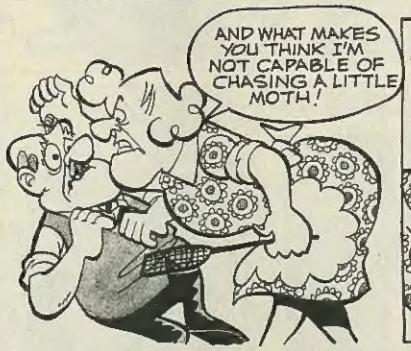
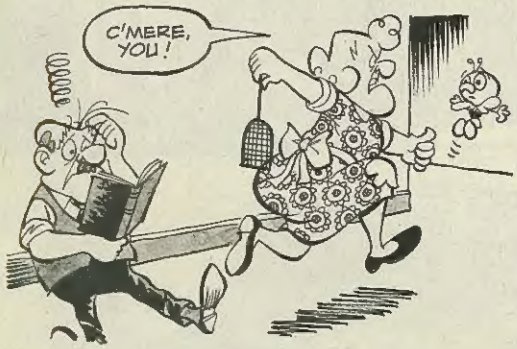
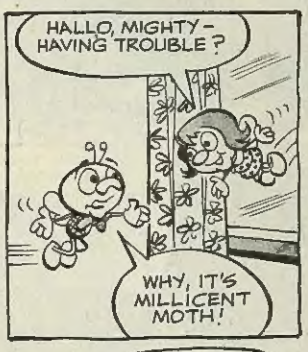
More of the mystery men soon!

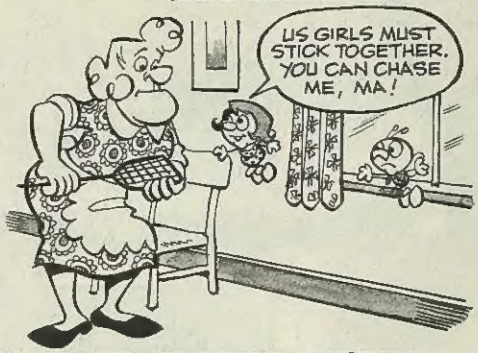
MIGHTY MOTH

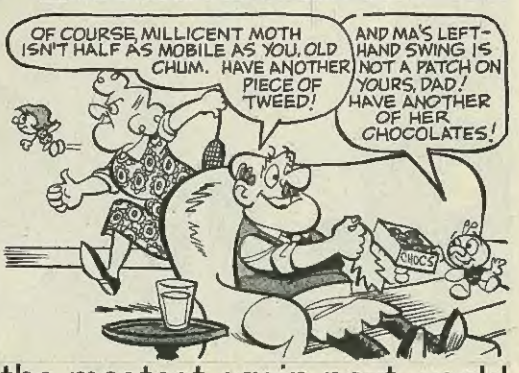











OF COURSE, MILLICENT MOTH ISN'T HALF AS MOBILE AS YOU, OLD CHUM. HAVE ANOTHER PIECE OF TWEED!
AND MA'S LEFT-HAND SWING IS NOT A PATCH ON YOURS, DAD! HAVE ANOTHER OF HER CHOCOLATES!
CHOCS

Join our moth-with-the-mostest again next week!

BARNEY BEAR

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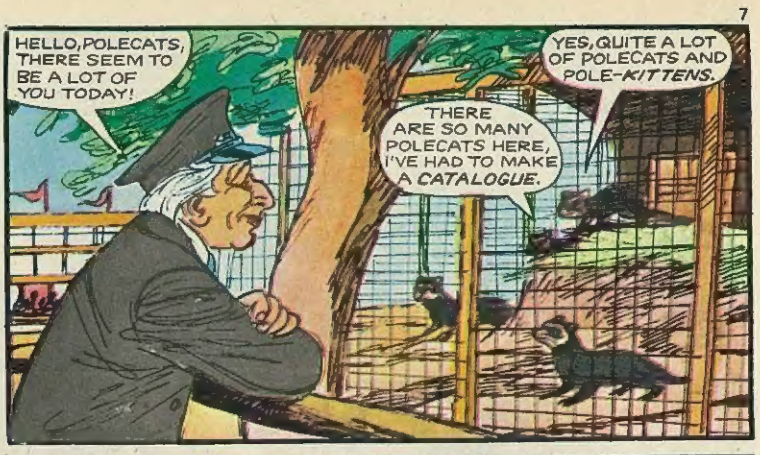
Bear-faced fun with Barney soon!

JOHNNY MORRIS'S ANIMAL MAGIC


HELLO, POLECATS, THERE SEEM TO BE A LOT OF YOU TODAY!
YES, QUITE A LOT OF POLECATS AND POLE-KITTENS.
THERE ARE SO MANY POLECATS HERE, I'VE HAD TO MAKE A CATALOGUE.

THEY MAY BE POLES APART, BUT YOU CAN'T TELL THEM APART!
I WOULD SAY THAT THEY WERE POLES TOGETHER- NOT POLES APART!
THEY'LL TEAR ONE ANOTHER APART IN A MINUTE.

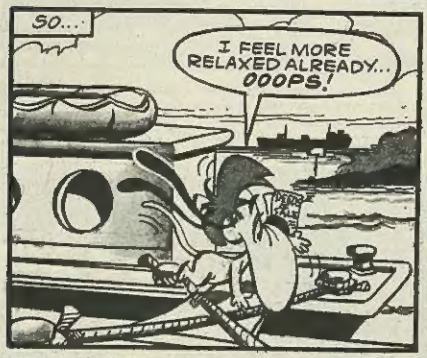
APART FROM ANYTHING ELSE, FIGHTING IS BAD MANNERS!
IF THEY MUST BE SO IMPOLITE, THEY NEED AN APARTMENT OF THEIR OWN TO FIGHT IN!

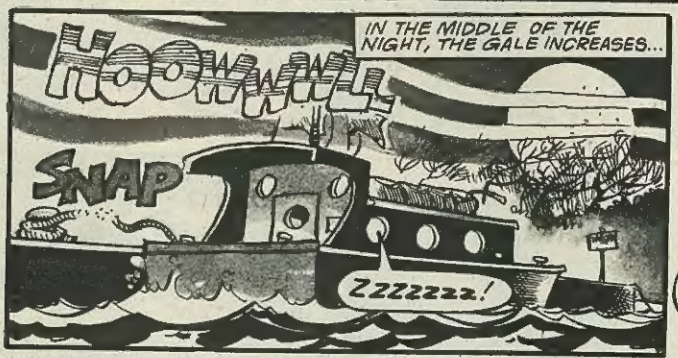
Look for the Echidnas with Johnny next week!

DROOPY

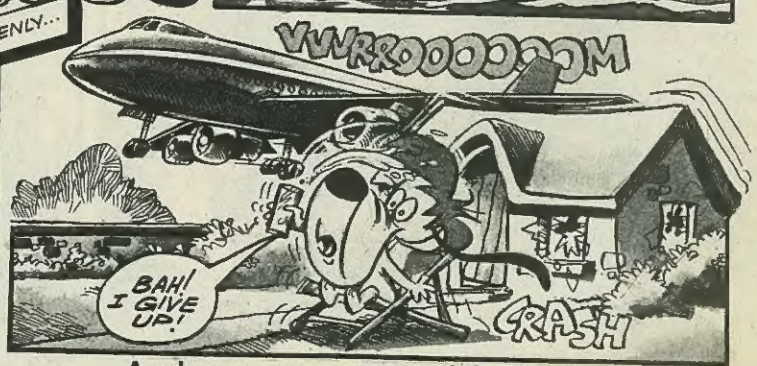
DROOPY IS HOUSE-HUNTING...
THIS HOUSE LEAVES SOMETHING TO BE DESIRED! IT'S TOO NOISY HERE FOR ME...!
KEEP LEFT
WELL, IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A PEACEFUL...

DROOPY FOLLOWS THE AGENT'S ADVICE, AND...
NOW THIS IS MORE LIKE IT! A FLOATING HOME, FAR AWAY FROM ANY TRAFFIC!
HOUSEBOAT FOR SALE APPLY:- A. ROOF HERE





SECONDS LATER...
THERE HE IS, SIR! WHAT ON EARTH'S HIS HOUSEBOAT DOING HALF-WAY ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL?
BETTER ASK HIM THAT, NUMBER ONE. THROW HIM A LINE!



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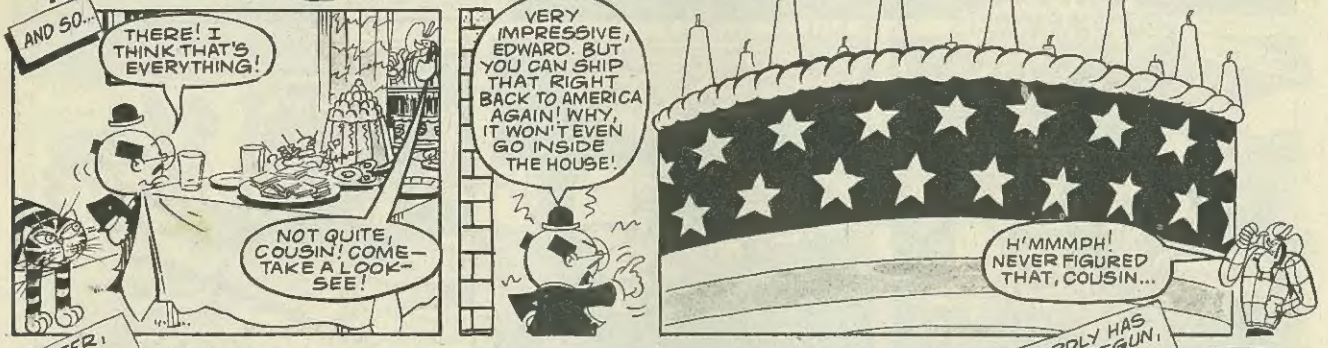
A clean-up caper with Droopy soon!

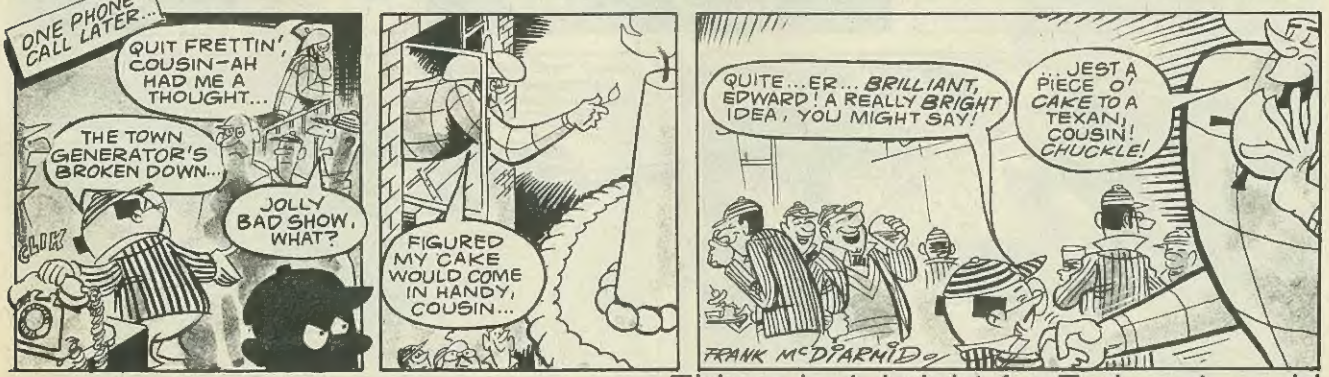
Texas Ted

HOW DO YOU LIKE MY CAKE, EDWARD? I BAKED IT SPECIALLY FOR THE CRICKET CLUB PARTY HERE TONIGHT!
CALL THAT A CAKE, COUSIN...?
... AND AH'D SHO LIKE TUH KNOW WHY YOU PUT THEM SPLINTERS IN THE ICING?
THEY'RE CANDLES, EDWARD—ELEVEN, ONE FOR EACH OF THE TEAM!
SPLUDGE!

WHY, WHERE AH COMES FROM WE MAKE OUR CAKES REAL BIG, COUSIN. YESSIREE... WE EVEN LIGHT OUR CANDLES FROM AN AEROPLANE!
... BACK HOME, YUH KIN ALWAYS TELL WHERE THE COWPOKES HAS COOKED A CAKE, 'COS THE CANDLE GREASE MAKES OUR MOUNTAINS!
H'MMPH! WELL, I THINK MY CAKE WOULD MAKE ANY CRICKET CLUB PROUD!
IT SHO' WILL WHEN I'VE GIVEN YOU A HAND, COUSIN!

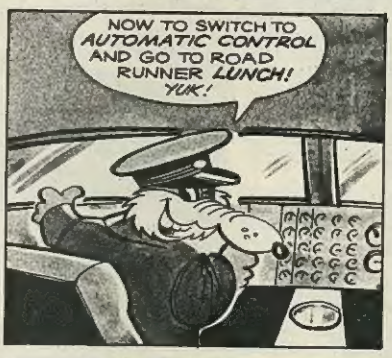

AND SO...
THERE! I THINK THAT'S EVERYTHING!
NOT QUITE, COUSIN! COME—TAKE A LOOK-SEE!
VERY IMPRESSIVE, EDWARD. BUT YOU CAN SHIP THAT RIGHT BACK TO AMERICA AGAIN! WHY, IT WON'T EVEN GO INSIDE THE HOUSE!
H'MMMPH! NEVER FIGURED THAT, COUSIN...

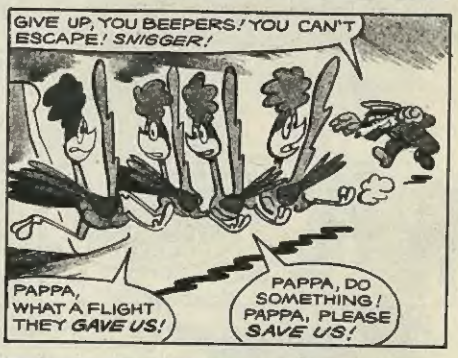
LATER, THAT EVENING...
NOW, NO MORE OF YOUR SO-CALLED BIG IDEAS, EDWARD!
YOU SAID IT, COUSIN. I'LL SEND THAT THAR CAKE BACK FIRST THING TOMORROW...
I SAY, GAD! THAT MUST HAVE BEEN THE WORK OF THAT SILLY COWBOY CHAPPIE!
BY JOVE! ALL BRAWN—NO BRAIN, EH? WHAT AN ABSURD IDEA!
FUME
BUT HARDLY HAS THE PARTY BEGUN, WHEN...
GREAT CRACKING CRICKET BATS! WHO'S PUTOUT THE LIGHTS?
FIZZ
POP!
OH, NO! FIRST EDWARD—THEN THIS! A BLACKOUT!

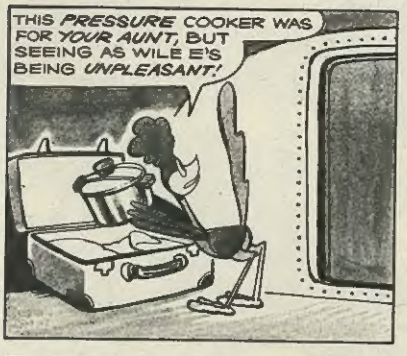

ONE PHONE-CALL LATER...
QUIT FRETTIN', COUSIN—AH HAD ME A THOUGHT...
THE TOWN GENERATOR'S BROKEN DOWN...
JOLLY BAD SHOW, WHAT?
CLICK
FIGURED MY CAKE WOULD COME IN HANDY, COUSIN...
QUITE... ER... BRILLIANT, EDWARD! A REALLY BRIGHT IDEA, YOU MIGHT SAY!
JEST A PIECE O' CAKE TO A TEXAN, COUSIN! CHUCKLE!
FRANK McDIARMID

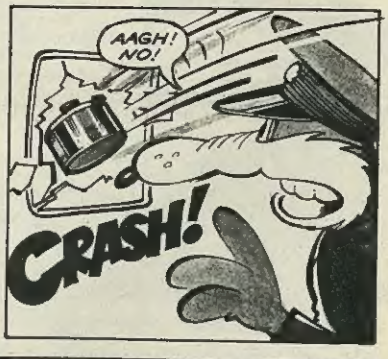
Things look bright for Ted next week!

BEEP BEEP The Road Runner









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A removal riot with Wile E soon!

Readers' Page

£1 for every item published on this page. Plus £2 for the special Star Letter of the week. Send your entry to: TV Comic, Polly Perkins House, 382/386 Edgware Road, London W2 1EP.

Dear Editor

My name is Karen McIntyre. I am eleven years old. Not long ago we had a May-Fair at our school and my sister Linda was crowned Fair Oak May-Queen. The photograph was taken in my nanny's back garden after the May-Fair. The May-Fair raised £450 and with the money we are going to buy outdoor equipment for the school.

Karen McIntyre,
Fair Oak, Hants.

If your sister's a Queen, that surely makes you a princess, doesn't it? To tell the truth I'm not certain if the picture is of Her Majesty Queen Linda or HRH Princess Karen

STAR LETTER

My name is Emma Burns and I am ten years old. Not very long ago it was my parents' wedding anniversary, so I bought them a card and gave them breakfast in bed only to find that their anniversary was not until the next day.

Emma Burns,
Hempston, Bedford.

Never mind, Emma, it was a nice thought. I'm sure they enjoyed their breakfast in bed, anyway

Dear Editor

In the previous Easter Holidays, my family and I went to Paris. We went to the Eiffel Tower, along the Seine on a Bateau Mouche, to the Bois de Boulogne and to Versailles. We had great fun and our French is much improved. Here is a handy recipe. All you need is:

1oz butter
2oz chocolate or coffee essence
½lb icing sugar
½lb soft brown sugar
4 tablespoons of condensed milk

To make delicious coffee or chocolate fudge, melt the butter, the milk and the chocolate or coffee and then simply stir in the sugars. Put into a tray (greased) and leave to cool

I hope that TV Comic continues to be successful. My favourite characters are Pink Panther and Tom and Jerry.

Elizabeth Drey, Cobham, Kent.

Just follow your instructions for sweet success, eh, Elizabeth. I'll try it myself!

Dear Editor

My name is Mark Alder. I am nearly nine years old. My hobby is stamp collecting. I have over one thousand stamps. I collect First Day Cover Stamps. It is great fun waiting to see what new stamps are to be issued. I have been reading TV Comic for three years and Barney Bear and Pink Panther are my favourites

Mark Alder, Camberley, Surrey.

Now you've earned £1, you'll be able to afford a few more stamps, Mark Thanks for writing

* * * * * * *

Here is a limerick for Readers' Page:

There was a comic so funny.
With Basil Brush, Tarzan and Bugs Bunny.
Then there's always Texas Ted,
With his monstrous big head.
It makes your Monday so sunny

My favourites are Road Runner and Popeye

Julie Cox, Newfield Park, Worcs.

Why thank you, dear Julie Cox,
Here's one pound for your own money box
Or you might in the end
Prefer that you spend
Before it burns holes in your socks!

It should be pockets, but I couldn't make it rhyme What a nice, sunny pool you have at Halesowen I've been there several times.

Dear Editor

This is a photo of myself with my cousin, Peter, who has come home from Canberra, Australia. He was born in Hong Kong and has lived in all different parts of Australia, including New Guinea. He has also travelled all around the world. He is almost ten and I am almost six. We have two dogs, one called Goldie and one called Charles. We also have a pet cat called Fluff and three goldfish. I like Tom and Jerry best of all in TV Comic.

Gary Atkinson,
Dundonald, Belfast.

Thanks for telling us about your travelling cousin. He's certainly been around, hasn't he? Who knows, it might be your luck to do the same one day

Dear Editor

My name is Debra Prosser. I am nine years old. This is a photograph of my mummy when she was a little girl. I like Mighty Moth and Tom and Jerry. I live in Llanfihangel, Brecon, South Wales.

Debra Prosser, South Wales.

I only hope your Mummy was told, because here she is and jolly pretty she looks, too!

Dear Editor

My name is Timothy Wilson and I am eleven years old. I am writing to tell you about my unusual hobby which, believe it or not, is keeping frogs! I breed and keep frogs in my pond and aquarium. When the tadpoles turn into frogs, I take them to a large pond and let them go

Timothy Wilson, Yorks.

Wait for it! Don't tell me! You're the original Frogman, aren't you? Quite seriously, I think you are doing a smashing job, Tim. Keep them all hopping!

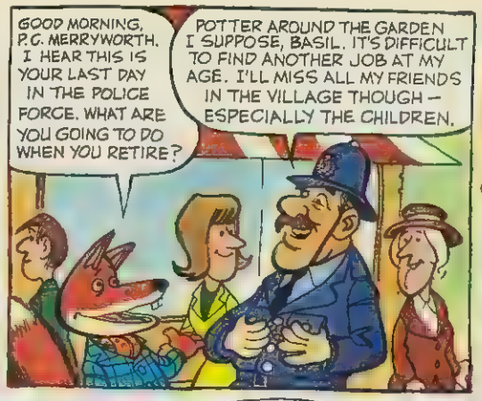
Dear Editor

My name is Paul Fothergill. I am ten years old. We have a dog called Whisky On the picture opposite it shows her when my brother used to take her for rides in a wheelbarrow. My favourite story is Droopy

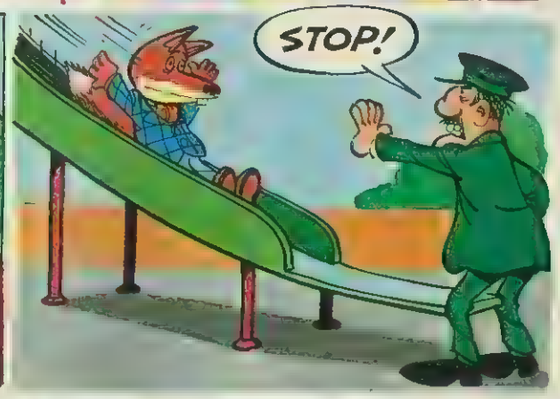
Paul Fothergill,
Cheam, Surrey.

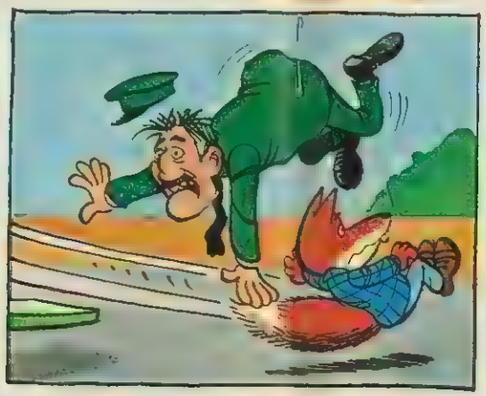
If that's a dog's life, it can't be so bad, can it?

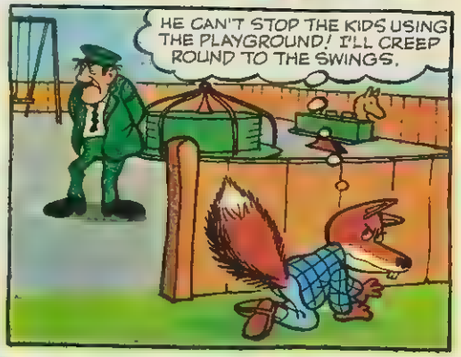
BASIL BRUSH

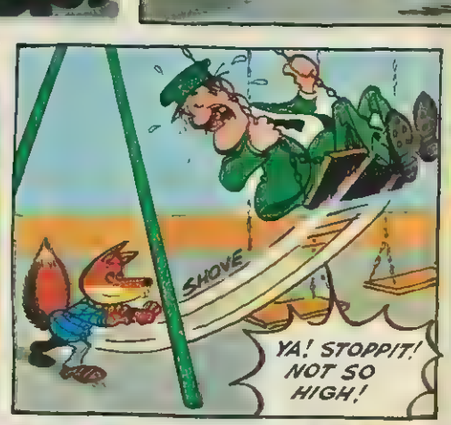

GOOD MORNING, P.C. MERRYWORTH. I HEAR THIS IS YOUR LAST DAY IN THE POLICE FORCE. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WHEN YOU RETIRE?
POTTER AROUND THE GARDEN I SUPPOSE, BASIL. IT'S DIFFICULT TO FIND ANOTHER JOB AT MY AGE. I'LL MISS ALL MY FRIENDS IN THE VILLAGE THOUGH — ESPECIALLY THE CHILDREN.

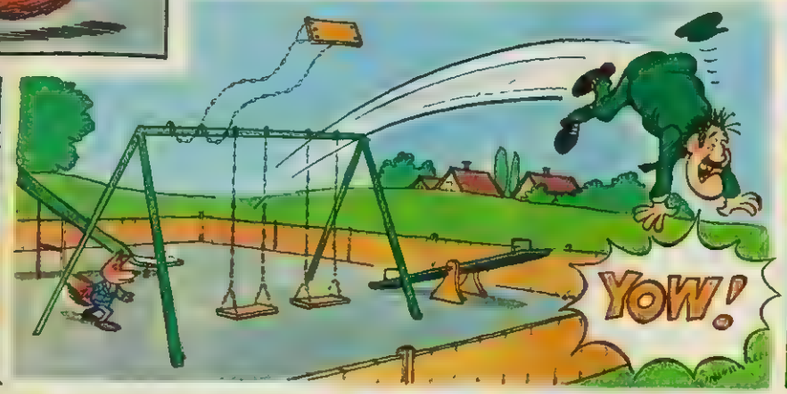
WHY ARE YOU WANDERING AROUND THE VILLAGE, ANYWAY? YOU COULD BE PLAYING IN THE PLAYGROUND!
WE CAN'T!
THERE'S A NEW PARK KEEPER AND HE WON'T LET US GO ON ANYTHING!

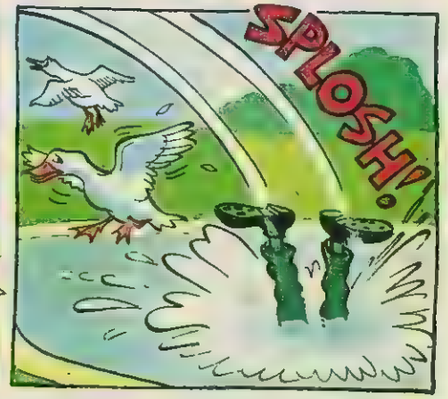


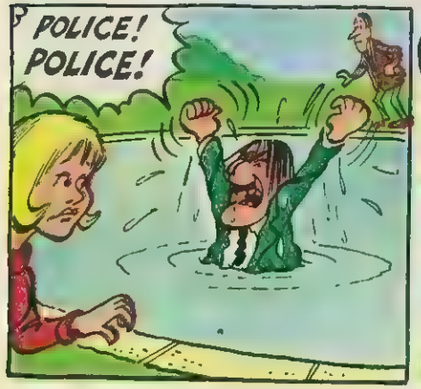




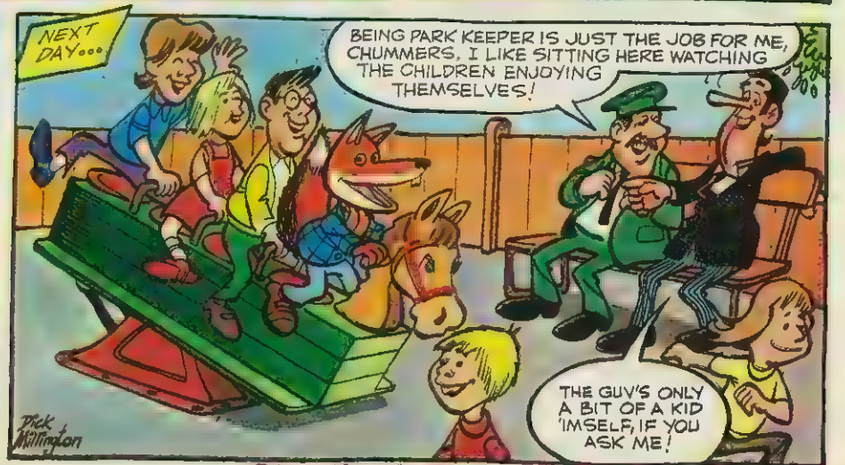








BUT, AROUND THE CORNER...
WELL DONE, BASIL! IT'S ABOUT TIME SOMEONE TAUGHT THAT OLD MISERY A LESSON!
BUT IF HE'S PACKING UP, WHO'S GOING TO TAKE ON THE JOB OF PARK KEEPER?


NEXT DAY...
BEING PARK KEEPER IS JUST THE JOB FOR ME, CHUMMERS. I LIKE SITTING HERE WATCHING THE CHILDREN ENJOYING THEMSELVES!
THE GUY'S ONLY A BIT OF A KID 'IMSELF, IF YOU ASK ME!
Dick Millington

Ghostly giggles with Basil next week!

TARZAN

BOY and Tarzan are accompanying Professor Vaughn Trent in his search for fellow botanist, Dr Paul Cranton, who vanished while hunting for the legendary man-eating plant. Captured by primitives — deep within a swamp — Tarzan and his companions are tied by a large pit as the sinister, masked leader of the tribe calls eerily Tarzan, however, makes a startling statement . . .

1185

WHATEVER HAPPENS, PROFESSOR, I HAVE AT LEAST DISCOVERED ONE THING—*CRANTON STILL LIVES*...

YOU MEAN HE'S ALIVE...H...*HERE*?

THAT MOMENT, IN ANSWER TO THE MASKED FIGURE'S STRANGE CRY...

TARZAN—LOOK...!

SEE HOW THE PRIMITIVES HANG BACK, YET THE MASKED FIGURE SHOWS NO FEAR!

GOOD GRIEF! COULD *THAT* THING BE THE MAN—EATING PLANT, CRANTON SOUGHT?

YES, PROFESSOR—AND THEY INTEND US AS SACRIFICES...AT LEAST *CRANTON* DOES...

TARZAN SPRINGS WITH ALL THE AGILITY OF A JUNGLE CAT...

LET US UNMASK YOU, EVIL ONE!

CURSE YOU, JUNGLE MAN!

CRANTON—FOR GLORY'S SAKE...! BUT, *WHY*...? YOU WOULD HAVE KILLED US!

POWER, PROFESSOR! WHEN CRANTON DISCOVERED THE PLANT, HE DISCOVERED HE COULD CONTROL IT— AND THEREFORE CONTROL THE *PRIMITIVES!*

THE JUNGLE MAN'S LIGHTNING REFLEXES SAVE HIM...

SUDDENLY...

TARZAN, BEWARE...! THE PLANT RISES!

UHH? IT SEEKS TO FULFIL ITS HUNGER...

THEN, IT WON'T BE DISAPPOINTED... *DIE*, TARZAN!

I THINK NOT, CRANTON!

AAAAAGH!

THAT P... PLANT THING TURNED CRANTON CRAZY...

THE JUNGLE SPIRITS *CHOOSE* HE SHOULD PERISH BY HIS OWN EVIL... BUT WHAT OF THE *PRIMITIVES*? PERHAPS THEY SEEK *REVENGE*...

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Is the power of the plant finished? See next week!

BANK NOTICE BOARD
DAD'S ARMY
COME ONE COME ALL
©1974 Peter Thurlow – Beldart Ltd
RIGHT, MEN. WE'VE BEEN GIVEN THE HONOUR OF COLLECTING FOR THE ARMY COMFORT FUND!
I CAN HARDLY WAIT FOR WHAT COMES NEXT!
EACH MAN WILL BE ISSUED WITH A TIN AND A TRAY OF FLAGS!
DOES THAT INCLUDE YOU, SIR?
CERTAINLY NOT! I SHALL PATROL THE AREA TO MAKE SURE NOBODY IS EVADING HIS DUTY!
PERMISSION TO REQUEST A DEMONSTRATION OF THE DRILL, MISTER MAINWARING, SIR!
GIVE GENEROUSLY
AND SO .. ONCE THE COINS ARE IN THE TIN, RENDER THE FLAG SO...
EXCUSE ME, SIR... YOUR SHOE-LACE IS UNDONE...
AS MAINWARING FUMBLES...
ZONK
SO IT IS .. I... OOPS!
AAAGH!
TRIP
THE VICAR SHALL HEAR ABOUT THIS!
LET'S GET ON WITH IT! WE'RE WASTING TIME, ANYWAY!
SOON...
I'M NOT HANGING AROUND HERE ALL DAY. I'M OFF TO THE PICTURES! YOU COMIN', PIKE?
AND SO...
WHAT ABOUT OUR FLAGS?
STICK 'EM ON THE SEAT THERE, OUT OF THE WAY!
SHORTLY AFTER..
THANK YOU, SIR.
A COUPLE OF HOURS RECREATION IS ALL I RIGHTLY DESERVE.
PRICES
AND INSIDE...
OH, GOOD! THE BIG FILM HAS JUST BEGUN...
THEN...
LUMME! IT'S MAINWARING!
AAGH!
OOOH, GOLLY!
MINUTES LATER...
COME BACK HERE... ER .. HMM .. HELLO, WILSON!
I MUST SAY, SIR, YOU SEEM TO HAVE INVESTED IN THE ARMY COMFORT FUND VERY HEAVILY!
GIVE TILL IT HURTS

March into more mirth soon!

I-SPY 8

Cut along border

. . . LOOKING ROUND THE VILLAGE

On your next visit to the country see how many of these — or similar ones — you can find . . .

A. Builder's initials and date on an old wall. Perhaps the initials are those of the man who built or repaired the house, or the owner's. Sometimes you will find them indoors.

B. Village Smithy, with wide doors open to the road, will have lots to look at.

C. Old Inn. See if you can find traces of altered doors and windows, or renovations and repairs to the walls and roof.

D. Oast house. Used as a kiln for drying hops or even, nowadays, converted into a home. Kent is the most likely spot, but score for any building unique to your own district.

E. Inn sign. Every one tells its own story. See what you can find out about yours.

F. Inn gateway. May have been wide enough to take a stagecoach

G. Cruck. These beams, looking like an inverted V, form a cruck and may be made from one tree split down the middle

Big Chief I-SPY,
Wigwam-by-the-Green,
382-386 Edgware Road,
London. W2 1EP.

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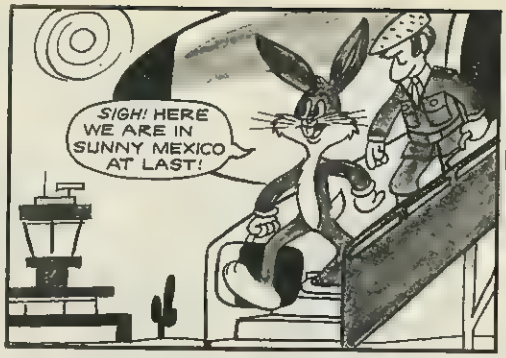
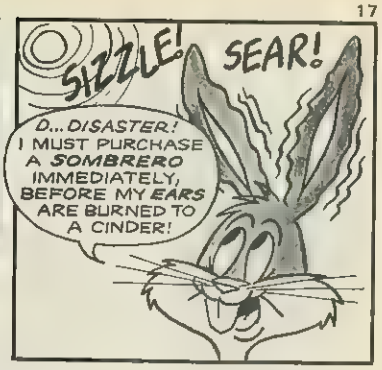
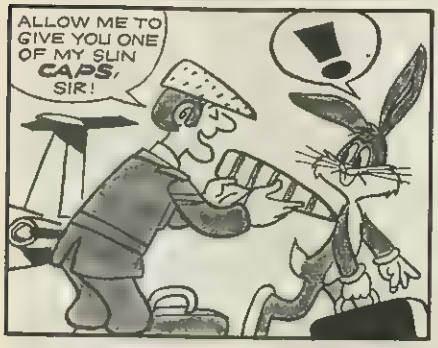
The BUGS BUNNY Show

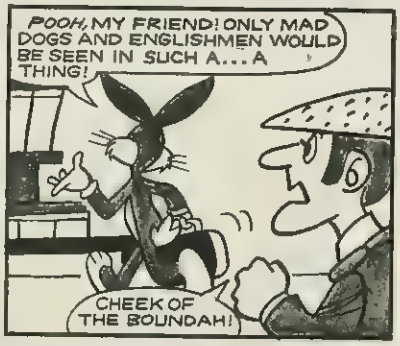
☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

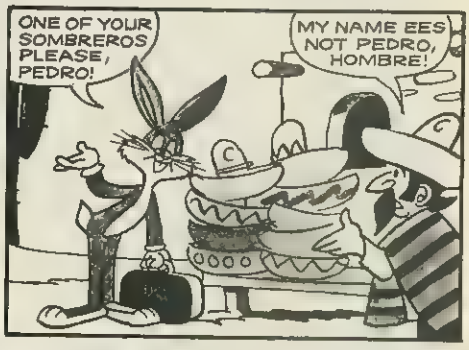
'BUGSY CAPS IT ALL!'

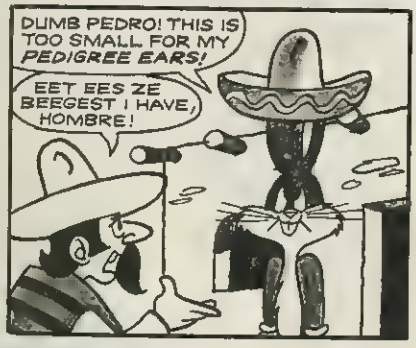


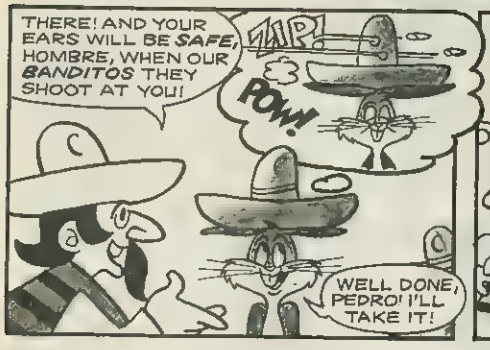


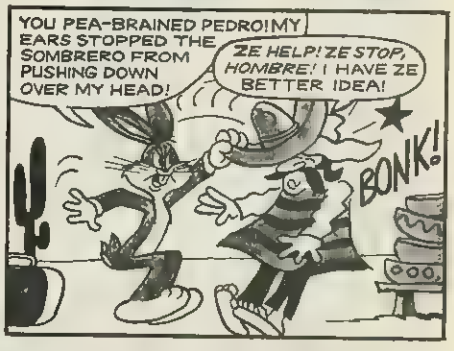


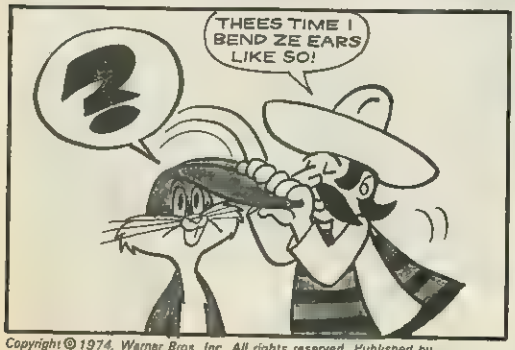


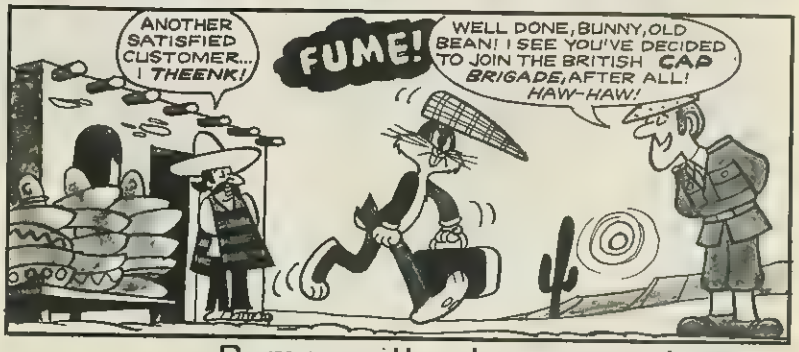







YOU PEA-BRAINED PEDRO! MY EARS STOPPED THE SOMBRERO FROM PUSHING DOWN OVER MY HEAD!
ZE HELP! ZE STOP, HOMBRE! I HAVE ZE BETTER IDEA!
BONK!




ANOTHER SATISFIED CUSTOMER... I THEENK!
FUME!
WELL DONE, BUNNY, OLD BEAN! I SEE YOU'VE DECIDED TO JOIN THE BRITISH CAP BRIGADE, AFTER ALL! HAW-HAW!

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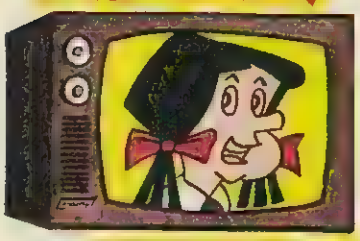
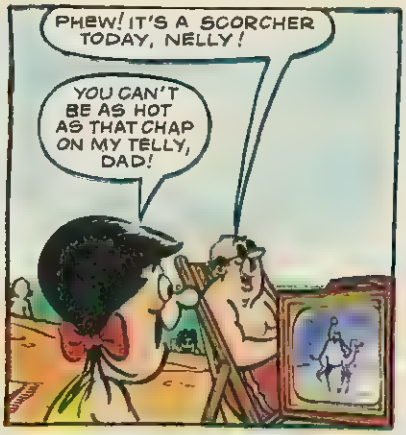
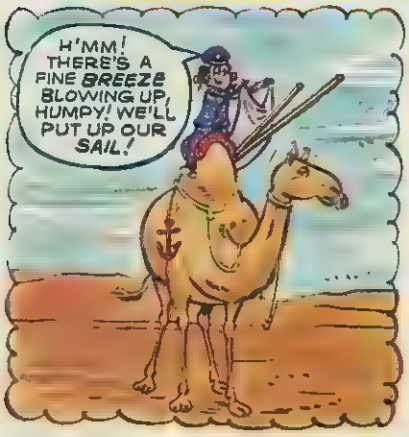
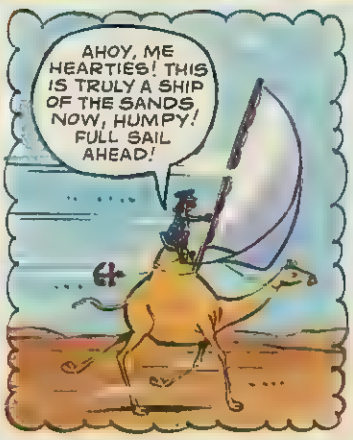
Bumps with a bronco next week!

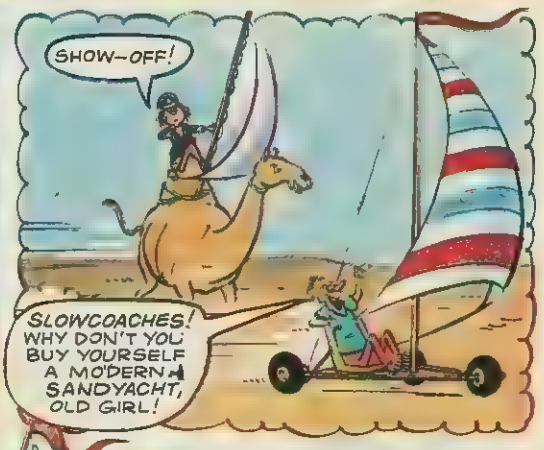
NELLY AND HER TELLY

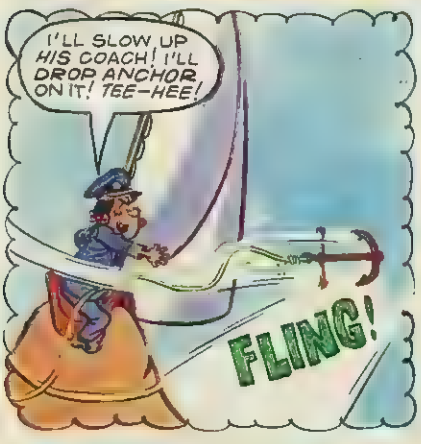


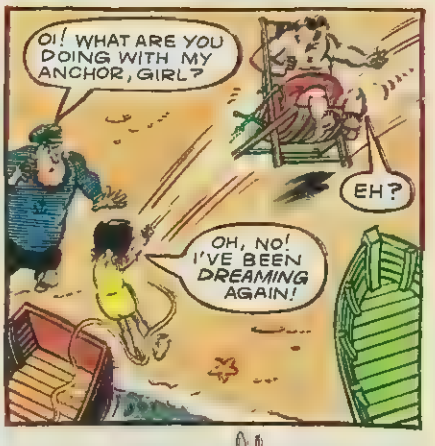


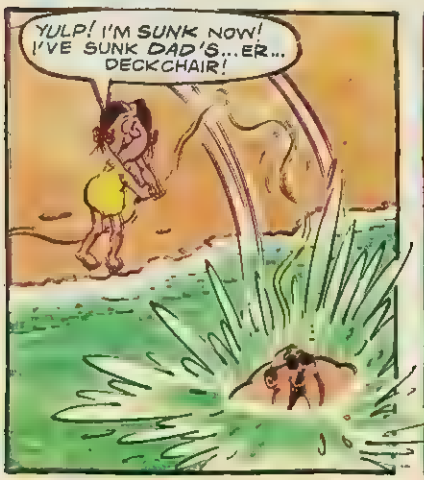


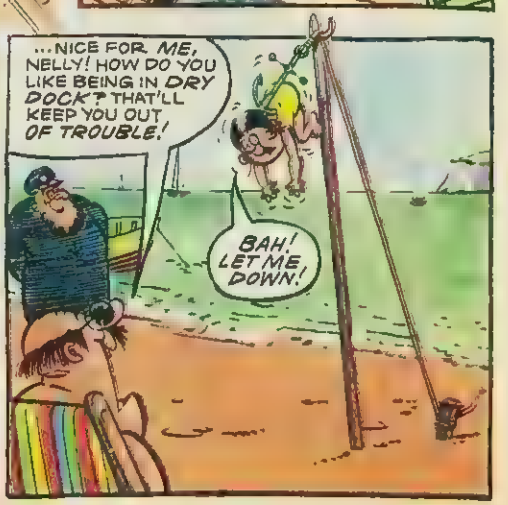












PINK PANTHER
PINK PANTHER OPTICIAN
EYES TESTED SPECS FITTED
BUSINESS ISN'T VERY GOOD HERE IN THE WILD WEST.
CLEAR THE STREETS! MOUSEY McGLUE AND BRICK BACKWOOD ARE GOING TO SHOOT IT OUT!
OKAY, McGLUE! GO FER YER GUNS!
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!
SPECS FITTED
?
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!
HOLD IT, FELLAHS! HOLD IT!
FROM THE WAY YOU'RE SHOOTING, I'D SAY YOU BOTH HAVE BAD EYE-SIGHT! COME INTO MY SHOP AND I'LL GIVE YOU AN EYE-TEST!
WHAT DOES THE TOP LETTER SAY?
H..? NO... ER..
YOU NEED GLASSES, BRICK! LET'S TRY YOU, MOUSEY!
ER..T..NO ER... F...
YOU'RE AS BAD AS BRICK. I'LL FIX YOU BOTH UP WITH SPECS!
SO...
GOSH! I CAN SEE EVERYTHING CLEARLY!
ME, TOO!
OKAY- DRAW!
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!
I WASN'T PAID BUT IT'S NICE TO BE OF HELP!

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A queue ado with Panther soon!

READERS' JOKES!

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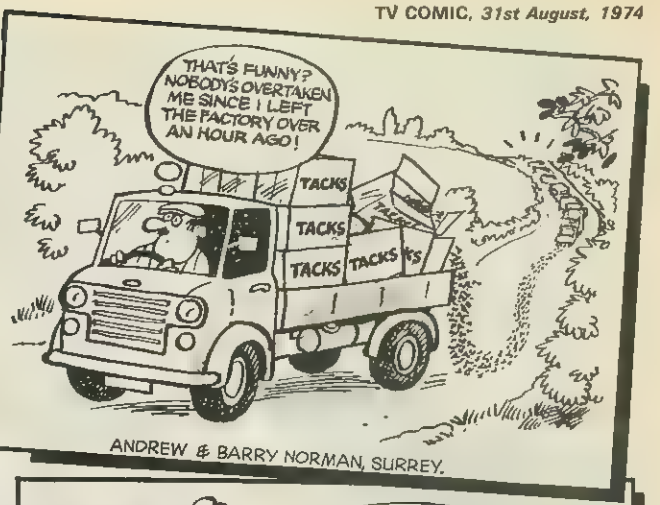

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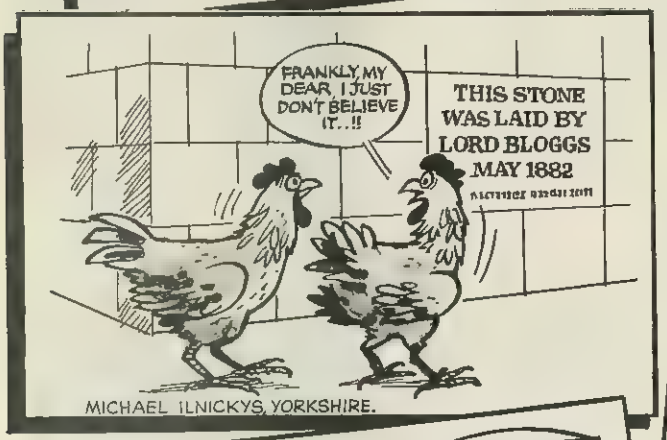
GRAHAM BECK, MANCHESTER.



MICHAEL ILNICKYS, YORKSHIRE.

JUDITH KUTLER, BUCKS.

C. PARFITT, MIDDLESEX.

Laurel & Hardy

© 1974 Larry Harmon Pictures Corporation

SILLY COW! GIVE IT A BLAST WITH THE HORN, OLLIE! THAT'LL SHIFT IT!

TSK! THERE'S NO NEED FOR THAT, STANLEY!

COME ALONG, OLD GIRL! MOVE OVER FOR OLLIE! THAT'S IT! CLEVER GIRL!

SIGH! THERE'S NOTHING TO IT, STANLEY, WHEN YOU HAVE A WAY WITH ANIMALS!

COO! THAT WAS IMPRESSIVE, OLLIE! VERY GOOD!

WE'LL PARK HERE, STANLEY, TAKE A SHORT-CUT THROUGH THE FARMYARD AND PICNIC BY CAMPSIE COPSE.

RIGHTO, OLLIE!

ROAR! SNARL! GRR!

HELP! OLLIE! HELP! WE CAN'T TAKE THE SHORT CUT! THESE *FIERCE DOGS* WON'T LET US!

REALLY, STANLEY! THERE'S NOTHING TO BE SCARED OF!

OH, OLLIE! D..DO BE CAREFUL!

GOOD LITTLE DOGGIES! YOU'LL LET UNCLE OLLIE AND STAN PASS— WON'T YOU?

GOSH, OLLIE! I WISH... *GASP!* I HAD YOUR WAY WITH ANIMALS! *GASP!*

THIS WAY, STANLEY! IT LOOKS A PLEASANT LITTLE SPOT!

BEWARE OF THE BULL

B...BUT, OLLIE...THE B...*BULL!*

COOCHY-COO! WHO'S A SPOILED LITTLE BOY THEN, EH?

GOSH! OLLIE'S DONE IT AGAIN!

PERHAPS NOW WE CAN SETTLE DOWN TO EAT, STANLEY!

YES, OLLIE! THANKS TO YOU!

AAGH! AAH! OOH! OOOH!

TEE-HEE-HEE!

WAAH! IT'S A PITY YOU DON'T HAVE A WAY WITH *INSECTS*, OLLIE! *OOH! OW!* THERE'S AN *ANTHILL* AS WELL AS A BULL IN THIS FIELD! *AAGH!*

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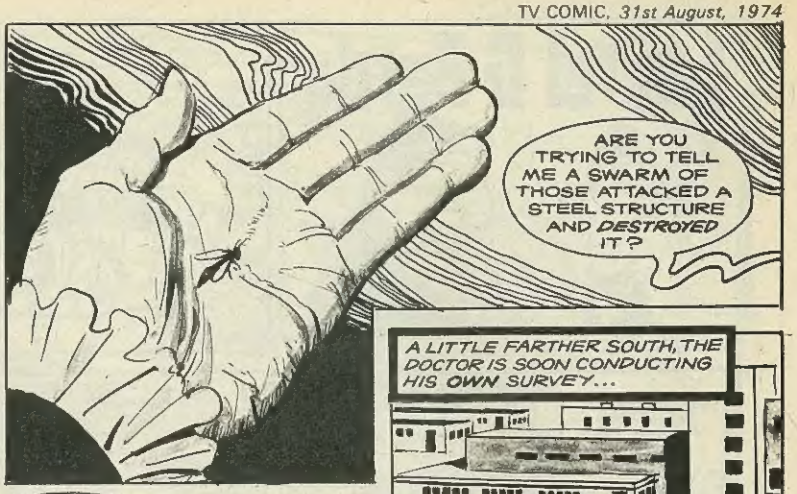
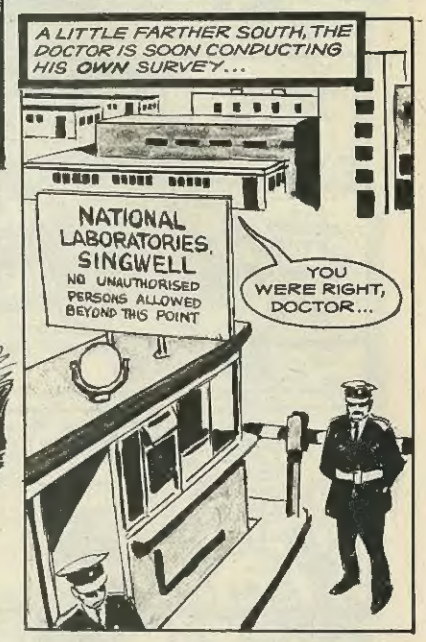
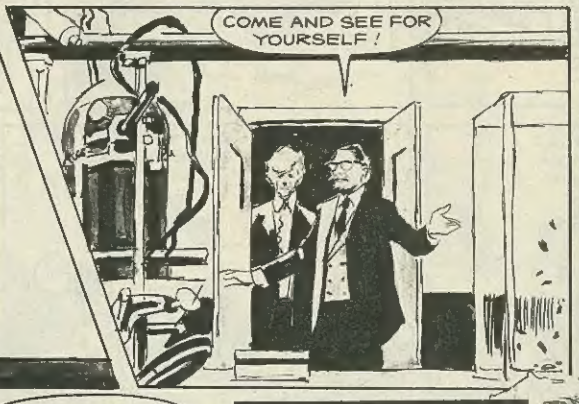
DR WHO in 'The Metal-Eaters!'

THE Doctor is among a team of experts investigating the wreckage of a new television relay station. When workmen claim that the structure was attacked by swarms of flying insects, no one will believe them . . . until the Doctor makes a strange discovery . . .




A LITTLE FARTHER SOUTH, THE DOCTOR IS SOON CONDUCTING HIS OWN SURVEY...
NATIONAL LABORATORIES, SINGWELL
NO UNAUTHORISED PERSONS ALLOWED BEYOND THIS POINT
YOU WERE RIGHT, DOCTOR...



THERE WE HIT UPON A SNAG, DOCTOR. AS YOU SAY, IT IS A COMPLETELY NEW, UNRECOGNISED SPECIES. SO WHAT DO WE FEED THE GRUBS ON?
MMM... PERHAPS WE MUST MAKE AN UNSCIENTIFIC GUESS... ER... MAY I...?

MOMENTS LATER...

GOOD GRIEF! IT HARDLY SEEMS POSSIBLE!

YET, THERE'S NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! THE GRUBS ARE CONSUMING THAT SILVER CASING!

SO WE HAVE AN ANSWER TO OUR MYSTERY. BUT THIS IS NO NATURAL INSECT! WHAT BOTHERS ME NOW IS *WHO* DEVELOPED SUCH A MONSTER?

AND IN AN ANCIENT, RAMSHACKLE FARM SET IN THE YORKSHIRE DALES...

THE FOOLS WILL NOT BELIEVE THE EVIDENCE OF THEIR OWN EYES!

WHAT DO WE DO NOW, PAPA?

WE GIVE THEIR SO-CALLED EXPERTS A LESSON— ONE THAT THEY *CANNOT* DENY!

The Planet

EXPERT REFUTES INSECT THEORY AS FICTION

EARLY NEXT DAY, ON THE NEFFINGHAM TANK RANGE...

RIGHT, CHAPS. LET'S MOVE OUT!

SUDDENLY...

WHAT THE..?

GET OFF... UGH!

AND FROM A WELL-HIDDEN VANTAGE POINT...

THIS IS INCREDIBLE, DIMITRI. H.Q. SHOULD BE INFORMED OF THIS DEVELOPMENT AT ONCE!

YOU BRING ME TO SEE A CONVENTIONAL MILITARY MANOEUVRE AND WE SEE THE DEMONSTRATION OF AN UNBELIEVABLE NEW WEAPON!

INDEED, COMRADE MAJOR. WE MUST MOVE WITH ALL HASTE!

Next week: on the trail of the insect-master!

POPEYE
SPINACH
THAT SURE IS THE BIGGEST MARROW I EVER DID SEE, UNCA POPEYE!
IT SHOULD TAKE FIRST PRIZE AT THE VEGETABLE SHOW.
GRR! MY STUPID MARROW DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE AGAINST THAT GIANT, POPEYE'S GROWN!
VEGETABLE SHOW
SO...
POPEYE WINS FIRST PRIZE IN THE MARROW COMPETITION!
AIN'T YOU GOIN' TO CONGRATULATE ME FOR WINNING, BRUTUS?
WHY SHOULD I? GROWIN' VEGETABLES IS A LANDLUBBER'S PASTIME. I'M A SAILOR!
I COULD BEAT YOU ANY TIME AT ROWIN'!
OH, YEAH? WELL I CHALLENGES YOU TO A RACE TOMORROW!
DID YOU HEAR THAT? THAT'S SOMETHING WE MUSTN'T MISS!
LOOKS AS IF THE WHOLE TOWN WILL TURN OUT TO WATCH! I'D BETTER MAKE SURE I CAN'T LOSE!
AND WHAT BETTER WAY OF DOIN' IT THAN DRILLIN' A FEW HOLES IN THE BOTTOM OF POPEYE'S BOAT!
NEXT DAY...
READY?
HOLD IT, JUDGE! MY BOAT'S LETTIN' IN WATER!
YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE ME FOR A LITTLE WHILE!
IF THE RACE HASN'T STARTED IN TEN MINUTES, I'LL AWARD IT TO BRUTUS!
POPEYE! WHAT GOOD IS YOUR PRIZE-WINNING MARROW AT A TIME LIKE THIS?
YOU'LL SEE, OLIVE!
OKAY! LET'S GET STARTED!
SOON...
HOORAY! POPEYE WINS!
I'M JUST A BORN LOSER!
HAW! HAW! I BEAT THAT BIG, FAT SLOB WITH MY BIG, FAT MARROW!

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